

HYMNS
FOR
CHILDREN.
IN PROSE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.



NEW HAVEN.
S. BABCOCK.

HYMNS

FOR CHILDREN;

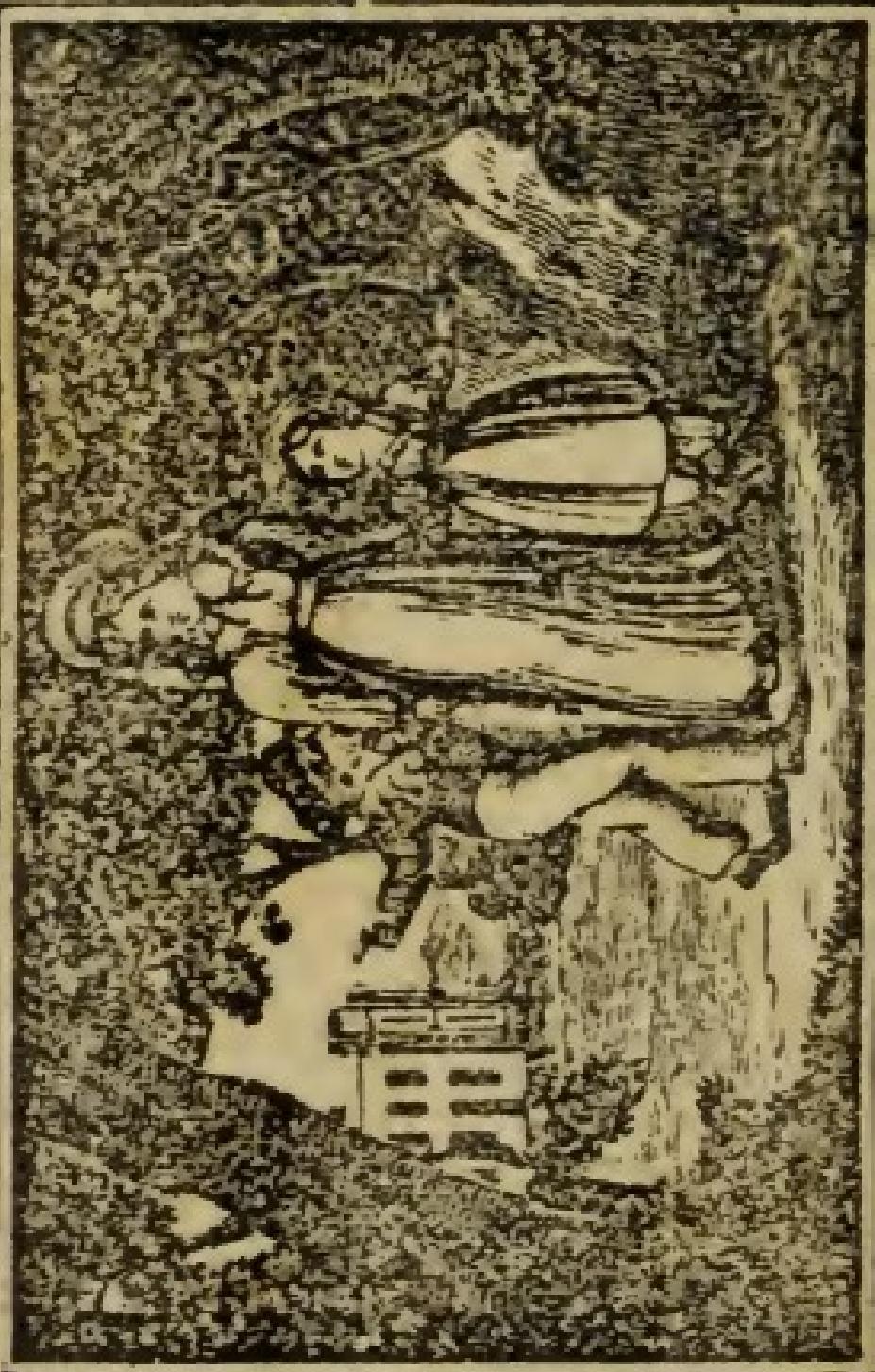
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HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

HYMN I.

Come, let us go into the thick shade, for it is noon-day, and the summer sun beats hot upon our heads.

The shade is pleasant and cool; the branches meet above our heads, and shut out the sun as with a green curtain; the grass is soft to our feet, and the clear brook washes the roots of the trees.

The cattle lie down to sleep in the cool shade, but we can do what is better; we can praise the great God who made us. He made the warm sun and the cool shade; the trees that grow upwards, and the brooks that



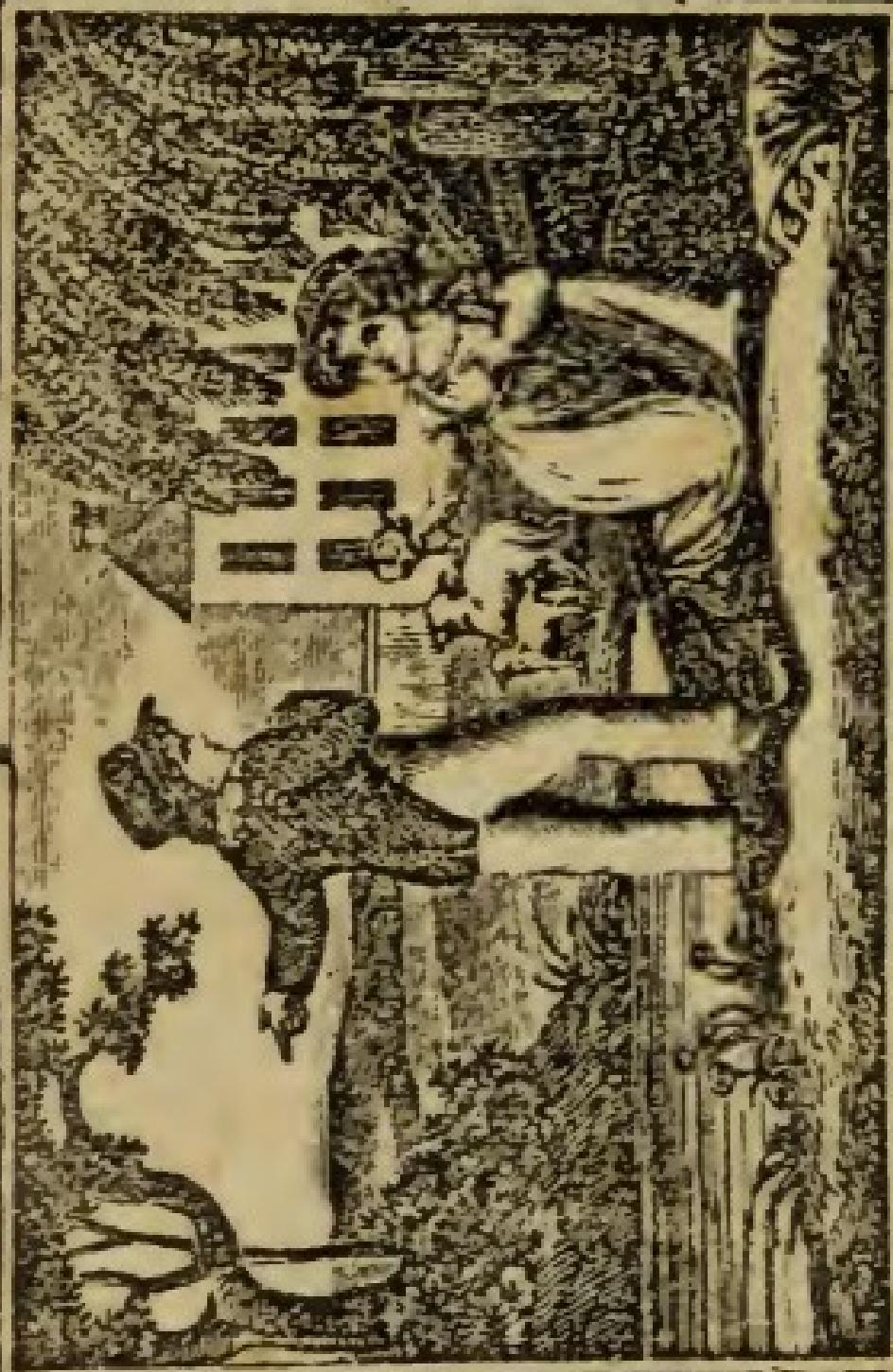
run murmuring along. All the things that we see are His work

HYMN II.

Behold the Shepherd of the flock ; he taketh care of his sheep, he leadeth them among clear brooks, he guideth them to fresh pasture ; if the young lambs are weary, he carrieth them in his arms ; if they wander, he bringeth them back.

But who is the shepherd's Shepherd ? who taketh care of him ? who guideth him in the path he should go ? and if he wander, who shall bring him back ?

God is the shepherd's Shepherd ; He is the Shepherd over all ; He taketh care of all ; the



whole earth is H's fold ; we are all His flock ; and every herb, and every green field is the pasture which He hath prepared for us.

HYMN III.

Come, let us go forth into the fields; let us see how the flowers spring; let us listen to the warbling of the birds, and sport ourselves upon the new grass.

The winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout.

The young animals of every kind are sporting about; they feel themselves happy, they are

glad to be alive,—they thank Him that has made them alive.

They can thank Him with their hearts, but we can thank Him with our tongues; we are better than they, and can praise Him better.

The birds can warble, and the young lambs can bleat; but we can open our lips in His praise, we can speak of all His goodness.

Therefore we will thank Him for ourselves, and we will thank Him for those that cannot speak.

Trees that blossom, and little lambs that skip about, if you could you would say how good He is; but you are dumb, we will say it for you. On every hill, and in every green field, we will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and the incense of praise.

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